

HARRALD'S BOOK OF War Songs.



COMPOSED BY
MICHAEL HERRALD,

REDDING, IOWA.

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JOURNAL PRINT, MT. Ayr.

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33

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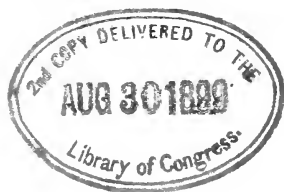
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OUR NATION.

You gallant sons of Old Glory,
Listen to what I say;
The next time you go a fighting,
Don't go so far away.

Stay at home and mind our harbors
And watch our river towns,
Where prosperity is always booming
And the banks will ne'er go down.

Just look along our harbors
And see our ships floating on the bay,
Rich merchants from other nations
Come trading with us every day.

You sons and daughters of Old Glory
Now unto you I say,
Don't let trusts and combines take
All your wealth away.

We are the only nation
That's free on earth to-day,
It was Washington, Grant and Dewey
For us that gained the day.

They fought with skill and bravery,
They made the cannons roar,
They whipped the naughty Spaniards
And the Philippines are ours.

Then came the shooting with Dewey
And his brave jolly tars,
And they done the work so completely
It almost ended the wars.

Cheer up ye brave lads of Columbia,
And don't be downhearted or shy,
Dewey will make a good president,
If he takes the office by and by.

The reason now why I am singing,
Then you see what I mean,
Dewey whipped part of the Spaniards,
And the rest he sent back to Spain.

When the war is all over and ended,
I'll tell you what I'm going to do,
I'll go myself down into congress
And Dewey will take care of you.

I'll help to make laws for this nation,
And Dewey will fire off the balls,
And all that's required of you people
Is to take good care of the bold jolly
tars.

PRAISE OF CAPTAIN SAMPSON.

In praise of Captain Sampson
His name we will uphold,
As commander of the Navy
He acted clever, true and bold.

He was stationed at Porti Rico,
Along the Spanish bay;
And he never let a Spaniard pass
That chanced to come his way.

He gave orders unto Hobson
To block the Spanish fort,
To give a chance to Schley
At them to have some sport.

Schley was gently waiting
For the Spaniards to come out,
To give them a dose of medicine
To cure them of the gout.

The medicine was so hard in taking
And the funnels full of smoke,
It burst them all to pieces
In running down their throat.

The Spaniards got to squealing,
The medicine made them sore:
They sorely begged of Uncle Sam
Not to give them any more.

You sons and daughters of this nation,
Listen what I say,
Prepare for next election

We're going to have a big day.
The man who will lead this battle,
though he lives out in the west,
He is an exception for he is one of the
best;
He is a poet and a singer and that we all
do know,
His voice did sound in the convention
hall not very long ago;
He is a bold, undaunted youth; they
claim he is too young,
But never mind the youth my boys,
he'll show the trusts some fun,
He'll match the kings of sugar, and the
trusts can't go by,
The income tax he surely has right in
his other eye;
O listen to this silver that above them all,
Sixteen to one, we'll surely have, and
England will begin to squall,
Hurrah for Uncle Sam and free silver,
we'll soon tear up the mines,
The tramps will all be working and see
no more hard times;

The chief commander of this business is
 a man of noble fame,
 He is located out in Lincoln and Honor-
 able W. J. Bryan his name.
 Long may he live in pleasure,
 To enjoy his mansion home;
 He's the champion of free silver,
 Every man must own.

PRAISE OF HOBSON.

Hobson is a hero,
 And he did his work so well,
 He put the old Merrimac in the bay
 And then kissed her "good-bye, fare-
 well."
 They held him in Morro Castle,
 For him we were in grief
 For fear that they might murder him
 Or take him off his feet.
 But our government says "release him,"
 And then let Hobson go,
 Or we'll blow up Morro Castle
 And then he'll have a chance to go.
 The joke we had on Hobson
 After they let him go,
 We went filling his mouth with kisses
 Which the girls at him would throw.

PRAISE OF SCHLEY.

Schley got all the praises

For bursting up the Spanish fleet;

He deserved all the praises

For they tumbled at his feet.

He was watching at the harbor

To see them coming out,

To give them more of that medicine

That cured them of the gout.

Then Schley he got to shooting

And they thought they'd get a way,

But down along the harbor

He nailed them on the way.

Then there came the shooting,

With old Schley and his grand old Tars,

And they did the work so beautifully

He gave them the cigars.

May the Lord reward that Schley,

Him and his jolly Tars,

And send them here to Redding

And we'll set up the cigars.

KING O'TOOLE.

As St. Kevin was traveling through a
a place called Glendalough,
He met the King O'Toole and asked him
for a smoke.

Says the King, you are a stranger, your
face I've never seen,
If you have a bit of weed, I'll give you
my troudeer.

CHORUS:—Fal da ra, li do, Fal da ra la de.

While the monarch was kindling up the
pipe, the monarch gave a sigh;
Is there anything the matter, says the
St., that makes you cry?

Says the King, I had a gander that was
gave me by my mother,
This morning he has shook his tail by
some disease or another.

Are you crying for the gander, you un-
fortunate old goose?

Dry up your tears and fretting, there's
not a bit of use.

Says the St., what will you give me if
the gander I'll revive?

Says the King, I'll be your servant all
the days that I'm alive.

I can cure him, says St. Kevin, but I
don't want a servant man,
And if I'm not making bold to ask,
would like a bit of land.

If you think so much about that bird,
if I make him whole and sound,
Will you give me all the land the gander
can fly around?

I will, and welcome, says the King, give
you what you ask;
The St., bid him bring the gander and
he would begin the task.

The King went into the Palace to fetch
him out the bird,
But he never had the slightest notion of
sticking to his word.

The St., he took the gander from the
arms of the King,
He soon began to twig his back and then
to stretch his wings.

He raised him up and down, into the air
he flew full thirty miles around.
Says the St., I thank your majesty for
that little bit of ground.

The King, to raise a ruction, he called
the St., a witch,

And said he would call for his six big
sons to put him in the ditch.

Never mind, said St. Kevin, I'll manage
those rich merchants;

He turned the King and his six big sons
into the seven churches.

Now there's a moral attached unto this
song:

To punish men I think 'tis right when-
ever they do wrong.

The King O'Toole was punished for his
dishonest doing,

The St. he left the gander there to guard
about the rooms.

If you go there of a summers day be-
tween twelve and one o'clock,

You find the gander flying around the
Palace Glendalough.

A pcor man keeps his word much better
than those that's grander,

The King begrudged to pay the St. when
he cured the old dead gander.

CHORUS:—Fal da ra li do, fal da ra la de.

Once I thought I ne'er could do,
To write a book that would suit you;
Now I really believe
That the book none of you will deceive:
There are songs and rhymes
That will suit the times,
And a sketch about those brave old tars
That helped Dewey through the wars.
When he landed in Philip Bay,
He killed them all in half a day;
Now, you believe this book is right,
For you know the tars that had to fight.
They fought against a double crew,
And that's the trick our Yanks can do;
This book is cheap and has good rhymes.
It is just the stuff to suit the times.
One thing more for you to do,
Pray for Dewey and his crew;
Now when I'm dead and gone away,
You can read this book along all day.

IN PRAISE OF MT. AYR.

Mt. Ayr is brave and clever,
She acted loyal and true;
She helped to free those islands
With men and money too;
Some are at the Phillipines,
Eager for to fight;
To defend our windy city
Would be their chief delight.

Now about those merchants,
They are a gallant crew;
The wealth they have in that city
Will prove the same to you.

In praise of your worthy bankers,
Their names I will uphold;
They fought that panic bravely,
With their silver and their gold.

They said unto the farmers,
“Now, if you want a loan,
Don’t be one bit bashful
For we’ve got money of our own;
Now if you are in trouble,
And don’t know what to do,
Sign your name upon this paper,
And the banks will see you thro’.”

Now those enterprising merchants
Are going to build a hall,
Right upon the fair ground
For everyone to call.

In this hall will be a steeple,
They can see it from the south,
Where the Tars named the war-ships
For to let the prisoners out.

This county has good leaders;
They know just what to do,
And if you tell them of your troubles,
They will surely pull you through;
They'll give you what you ask for,
If they find you loyal and true,
But if you are a rascal,
They have a place for you.

I have met them in the city,
To me it was a charm;
They took me by the right hand,
And almost shook off my arm;
Now one word more I'll mention,
And this to you I say,
I hope that windy city
Will never blow away.

A TRIBUTE TO GRANT CITY.

You inhabitants of Grant City,
Now listen unto me;
While I relate with pleasure
The sights which I did see.

The first view of your court house
To me was a delight;
The invitations of your citizens
Were cheerful, good and bright.

I viewed it from the corners,
I was standing on the square;
I came to the conclusion
It was beauty everywhere.

The beauty of that building
And the name of the city own,
The Governor of Missouri
Would wish it were his home.

Something more I'll mention,
And I do declare,
They helped to whip the Spaniards
And they were not scared.

They said to "Uncle Sam"
"Now if you want any more"
That famous old "Grant City"
Will furnish men galore.

The author of these verses,
 He solemnly declares
 That the people of Grant City
 Are very few and scarce.

They are noble and brave-hearted,
 And he says he ought to know,
 For he worked upon their buildings
 Very many years ago.

Now I'll end these simple verses
 I have no more to say;
 The love I feel for that city
 Will never fade away.

The lightest determination,
 Is a sad extermination,
 And abandoned to ruination,
 From the holy church of Rome.
 You sanctified senses of classical experience,
 Restrain your impatience in favors implore,
 Bereft of true sensation my intelligence
 do fail me,
 Grammar rules don't aid me, my learning
 is but low.
 Had I been dictated,
 My fluent education

In versification,
 My name I would have told.
 My ways and occupation,
 I am a rambling, sporting tradesman,
 The publicans are shaking,
 And the bailiff at the door.

IN PRAISE OF ADMIRAL DEWEY.

Good people I pray pay attention,
 And listen while I relate,
 I'll sing you a song about Dewey
 And the battle he fought of late.
 He steamed over deep waters,
 Heading for the old Spanish bay,
 Dewey says we'll get there some morning
 And our passage they'll have to pay.
 During the voyage o'er the ocean,
 The ships they were lightles at night,
 For the Yankees are shrude and careful
 And you know they are clever to fight.
 In sailing right into the harbor
 Their funnels spit fire and some
 smoke,
 The Spaniards got into the racket,
 And Dewey says, there comes the
 sport.

Talking of mines in the harbor.

Now Dewey says that's all a joke;
They're anchored down here in the harbor
And we'll have the best of the sport,

CHARLIE EAGEN.

Come all you airy bachelors,
A warning take from me;
Be sure to shun night walking,
And quit bad company.

I lived as happy as a Prince,
My mind it tells me so;
So fare thee well I am just going home,
My shuttle for to throw.

It was on a certain Tuesday,
To the army I was going,
I met with a small offense,
It grieves my heart full sore.

I met with Seargent Atkinson,
In the market as I roved down;
He says young man would you enlist
To be a light dragoon.

No, kind sir, a soldier's life
And me would not agree,
And neither would I bind myself
Down from my liberty.

Perhaps there Cousin Charlie,
You might intend and do worse,
To leave your native country and enlist
In the black horse.

In all my kind persuasions,
At length did agree,
To leave my native country,
To fight for liberty.

Are you in a hurry,
Or are you going away,
You wait and listen
To what I am going to say.

Do you live far from this town?
For that I'd wish to know;
Besides your name, sir, if you please,
Tell me before you go.

I am in a hurry,
My dwelling is far away;
My place of habitation
Is six miles below Orlean.

Charlie Eagen is my name,
From Orleans I came;
I never intended to do a crime,
Nor shall deny my name.

As I rove through Orleans,
It still runs on my mind;
So fare thee well to New Orleans,
And the girl I left behind.

THE BANKS OF PORTO RICO.

It was a fine summer evening,
But was in the month of May,
Down by the banks of Porto Rico
I carelessly did stray.

I overheard a fair maid,
Most grievously she did complain,
Saying its on the banks of Porti Rico
My darling does remain.

I stepped up to this fair maid,
And I put her in surprise;
I own she didn't know me,
For I was in disguise.

I said my charming fair maid,
My joy and hearts delight,
How far do you intend to go,
This dark and stormy night?

"The way kind sir to Porto Rico,
Would you be pleased to show,
Pity me a poor stranger,
There I intend to go.

I'm in search of a young man,
And Johnny is his name;
Some where in Porto Rico
I am told he does remain.

There's three long months and bitter,
 Since Johnnie left this shore;
He's gone across the ocean
 To where the cannons roar.

He's gone across the ocean to where the
 cannons roar,
He's gone across the ocean there to
 find some fame;

I was told his ship was lost
 All on the coast of Spain.

When she heard the dreadful news,
 She fell in despair;
She got to ringing her arms,
 And tearing her hair.

Since Johnny has left me,
 No other man I'll take;
I'll take through the lonesome woods of
 Porto Rico;
I'll mourn for his sake.

When he saw her loyalty,
 He could no longer bear,
He flew into her arms,
 "Now Betsy I am here."

I am the young man,
 That caused all your pain,
Since we met in Porto Rico
 We'll never part again.

THE SOLDIER BOY.

As I roved down by New Orleans,
One evening last July,
The mother of a soldier boy
In tears I did spy.

She said, "God be with you Johnnie,
Although you're far away,
For you my heart is breaking,
Since you have went to Philip Bay."

Johnnie, I gave you schooling,
And I gave you a trade likewise;
You needn't join the army
If you take my advice.

You needn't go to face the foe,
Where the cannons they did roar,
And thousands fall in victory
Upon that bloody shore.

The batteries of Sebastapol
The world they did surprise;
Hard it was to take it,
For the enemy was so wise.

But Paddy's sons and British guns,
Their value did display;
Together with the men of France,
We know they gained the day.

When we attacked Sebastapol,
Then you'd see some play;
The very ground we stand upon,
Did shake with truth I say,

The clouds were dark with heavy smoke,
 From bomb shells firing there,
 And soldiers falling on the plains,
 That went to fight the bear.

No tongue can well describe to you the
 dreadful slaughter there,
 If your heart was as hard as iron,
 for them you would shed a tear,
 To see poor heroes falling and
 bleeding in their gore,
 Far from their friends and native land
 upon the Russian shore.

THE JOLLY ROVING TAR.

Down by London City,
 So careless I did stray;
 I beheld a sailor bold.
 But she was a lady gay.
 She appeared to me like Venus bright,
 Or some superior star,
 As she roved the beach lamenting,
 For her jolly roving tar,
 She says "Willie, lovely,
 Willie, why do you sail away?
 When I am twenty-one
 I'll be a lady gay."
 I'll man one of my father's ships,
 And face the Spanish war,
 And cross the briny ocean
 With my jolly roving tar.

When they oared their boats from shore,
 She waived her lily white hand;
 She says we have provisions plenty,
 And lots of grogg in store,
 We'll whip the Spanish navy,
 These jolly roving tars.

Farewell, farewell, to the maids of New
 York City,
 For we are going far;
 My heart lies in the bosom,
 Of my jolly roving tar.

A MOMENT WAS SAD.

The moment was sad,
 When my love and I parted;
 Mary, my darling,
 I am just going away.

I kissed off the tears,
 And was nigh broken hearted;
 O Mary, my darling,
 I would just like to stay.

Warm was the cheeks
 That hung on my shoulder;
 Damp was her hand,
 And no marble was colder.

I felt that I never again would be-
 hold her,

Oh, Mary, my darling, I am going
away.

We parted in grief and our good
ship weighed.

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

I'm lonesome since I crossed the hills,
And o'er the mires that's sedgy;
With heavy thoughts my heart is filled,
Since I parted with my Nellie.

Whenever I turn to view this place,
These thoughts they still remind me;
Whether asleep or awake,
I'm in hopes to see my jewel again,
For my heart is breaking.

The bees shall lavish make no store,
And the dove become a ranger:
The falling water will cease to rove,
Before I'll ever change her.

Each mutual promise faithful maid,
To her whose tears do bind me:
Many a heavy sigh I gave,
For her I left behind me.

If ever I chance to come that way,
And there satisfied they found me;
I'll stay at home and rove no more,
With them I left behind me.

THE NEW LIGHT OF ESCUTCHEON

You muses now come aid me,
In admonishing the Pagans,
Those new lights of Escutcheon
Whose fate I do deplore.

From their innocence and raising
They were led to condemnation,
Their faith they have violated
In occasion of their woe.

The mass they have forsaken,
Their source of renovation
To free them from damnation,
Or Satan's wild yoke.

You cursed and wicked traitors,
Why have you forsaken
The standard of salvation,
That holy church of Rome.

Your trenches shield unweapon,
And hope in time of danger,
Accepted that occasion
The deamons to elope.

His flesh was bread for eating,
And his blood for drink he gave you,
With faultless for reason,
He each of you adored.

Unless human should betray you,
Or hereasy ensnare you,
Or Satan should ensnare you
Then in regions of woe.

When rocks would split asunder,
Its dome will fly with wonder,
The earth will ring with thunder,
And the elements will roar.

The sun will then be eclipsed,
The moon and stars in darkness,
And waters will decrease
Most amazing to behold.

None of those traitors
That were tyrants before,
They daren't to assemble,
The truth for to relinquish.

The enthusiast will tremble
At the splendor of the Pope,
Those heretic sages
Will see their danger in yielding.

All those unbelievers their faith they
will deplore,
They are not like St. Peter,
Who fervently besought him,
And valiently believed in the holy
church of Rome.

THE NEW REMEDY.

Good people pay attention,
And listen to what I say;
I will tell you of a medicine
You must take every day.

Take a dose in the morning
And you will feel good all day;
Take a dose in the evening,
And you'll sleep until break of day.

Don't take pills or powders,
They will tease you all your life,
But take this famous medicine
Which every one likes.

This medicine was got up
Not very long ago,
In beautiful Ringgold county,
You'll be proud when I tell you so.

We've got cattle and big corn,
And the medicine you know;
Any more prosperity

The government to you don't owe.
Don't be complaining
About rain, frost or snow;
It is the will of the Almighty,
And he hath caused it so.

Cheer up and don't be angry,
 The war it is all o'er;
 We've whipped Spain and the Phil-
 pines,
 And the Islands are our own.

Now to conclude and finish
 I have no more to say,
 I hope in Ringgold county
 To pass my life away.

THE ROVING JOURNEYMAN.

I am a roving journeyman,
 And rove from town to town;
 Whenever I get a job to do
 I am willing to sit down.

With my kit across my shoulder,
 And my pairing knives in hand,
 Around this country I will go
 Like a roving journeyman.

When first I came to Memphis,
 The girls did jump with joy;
 One says to the other,
 Here comes a sporting boy.

One treats me to the bottle,
 And the other to the glass,
 The toast went round the table,
 And they says here is to the journey-
 man.

I had not been in this country,
 One day but only three,
 When a beautiful young damsel
 She fell in love with me.
 She invited me to dine with her,
 And took me by the hand;
 And she slyly told her mother,
 That she loved that journeyman.
 Get away, you saucy girl,
 Why dare you say so!
 To love a young man
 You never had seen before.
 Hold your tongue dear mother,
 And do the best you can;
 Around this country I will go
 With my roving journeyman.

THE SAILOR AND CARPENTER.

Attend to my ditty,
 You frolicsome folks,
 And I will sing for you a story
 Concerning a joke.
 It is a fact I am going to inform,
 Concerning a woman by auction was
 sold;
 A ship carpenter lived not a mile from
 here,
 He was little a rather too fond of
 his beer.

He was hard up for brass,
 It is true on my life;
 For ten shillings, by auction,
 He sold off his wife.

The husband and wife
 They could not agree,
 For he was too fond
 Of going out on a spree.

They fixed up this matter,
 Without more delay;
 He put on her a halter,
 And took her away.

Then she was put up,
 Without even a frown,
 The first was a tailor
 That bid half a crown.

Two and a sixpence,
 Three farthings a butcher he said;
 Six and ten said a barber,
 With his curly head.

Up came a cobbler,
 And gave a loud bawl,
 Nine shillings for her,
 Bustle and all.

Just look at her beauty,
Her shape, and her size,
She's mighty good timber,
And sober likewise.

Yes, said a sailor,
She's one out of four,
Ten shillings for her,
But not a cent more.

Thank you sir, thank you sir,
Said the bold auctioneer,
Going, going for ten,
Is there anyone here.

That will bid any more,
Isn't this a sad job;
Going, going, I say,
She's gone for ten bobs.

The hammer was struck. it concluded
the sale;
The Tar he paid down the brass and
the nail;
Says he. I will make her a lady so spruce,
And fatten her well upon cabbage and
goose.

He shook hands with his Betsy,
And gave her a smack,

And then took her home,
Straight way on his back.

He never cried stop,
With his darling so sweet,
Until he landed her over on
Sweet Bareck street.

He sent for a fifer
And fiddler to play,
They danced and they sung
Until it was very near day.

While Jack to his hammock,
With his betsy did go,
While the fifer and fiddler
Played Rasin the Bow.

Now Jack is living happy
With his darling swain,
She's became a good wife,
And from drinking refrains.

While roving over the ocean,
Regardless of life,
Jack is well pleased
With his ten shillings wife.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

In Dingle street, in Sweet Tralee,
 One day in the month of August,
 Who should I meet going up and down
 the street

But an old recruiting seargent.

He says "kind sir, if you take on,
 And join to be your guardian,
 It is much better for you than to be
 Plowing in the field and be a farmer."

I never could consent,
 To obey so many masters;
 My doom would be to face the black,
 And there I would be slaughtered.

I'd sooner sow, reap and mow,
 And be a farmer;
 And drink a dollar among my friends,
 And be a farmer.

He says, young man, make up your mind,
 And join the royal army;
 Uncle Sam's cash was never slack,
 We'll pay you night and morning.

If you lose a leg
 You'll be pensioned off,
 And with honor
 He'll discharge you.

You can live at your ease forevermore,
 You don't need to be a farmer;
 He says come in and let us drink,
 The day is very warm.

We'll drink enough and quench our
thirst,
With whisky, beer and porter;
He slipped a dollar in my hand,
He say, "Here pay for what you
call for."

I was feeling somewhat drunk,
But I knew the tricks of that old
Sergeant;
And I threw the money back again,
Saying, "I can pay for my own
drinks."

He says belate you of good cheer,
The trumpet sounds to call you;
Victorious cash you took in your hand,
And you must obey her orders.

We raised a row about the house,
And I made such an alarm;
I says your scheming will not avail.
For justice I will call on.

He called me before a magistrate,
He said that I should march it:
Since I took money in my hand,
I must go to headquarters.

When I heard my sentence passed,
I begged his honor pardon;
I put the money in his hand,
And told him this is how it happened.

The law you make, you will not break,
 Your honor cannot alter;
 You enlisted now as well as me,
 You're wanted out to-morrow.

His honor then made no delay,
 But set himself in a hurry;
 He counted me out one pound one,
 He says, "Jack you done me hand-
 some."

I counted it before his face,
 And I reached it to the Seargent;
 And I said this will answer for me as
 well,
 I'll go home to mind my farm.

MASON.

Mason is a hero,
 And I've read about them all;
 I wish he was boss in Congress,
 And speaker of them all.

Mason is for freedom,
 And that well we know;
 His voice was heard in Congress
 Not very long ago.

McKinley says to Congress,
 "Now boys what shall we do?
 Shall we turn them out of the island,
 Or let them all pull through."

Mason made an answer,
And he done it very keen;
“They are murdering them in the Island
It is plain to be seen.”

Others got to talking,
To see what is the best that they
could do,
But Mason said the best remedy
Was to fight the battle through.

“We can whip them I can see it,
And I will prove it is so;
We’ve got tars to do it,
They are willing to go.

Get ready Uncle Sam,
Get ready now in time;
Go and clean out the Island
While the weather is fine.

When that Spaniard insulted Mason
My blood began to boil,
I said unto the people
I’m going to cross the isle.

To fight that bloody Spaniard,
Is something I want to do;
He has insulted Mason
The captain of our crew.

THE PARTING GLASS.

All the money that ever I had
I spent it in good company;
And all the harm that ever I done,
Alas, it was to no one but me.

Good night, and joy be with you all,
All the comrades that ever I had,
their sorry for me going away
And all the sweethearts that ever I had.
They'd wish me one more day to
stay.

Since it came to my lot that I must rise,
And you need not,
I'd gently rise and with a smile,
Good night, and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend,
And leasure time to sit awhile,
There is a female in this town,
That sorely has my heart beguiled.

Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips,
She sorely has my heart ensnared;
So fill to me the parting glass,
Good night and joy be with you all.

When I am boozing I'll have to quit,
And none but strangers around me
all;

Then my poor heart will surely break,
When I am boozing far away.

Far away, far away,
 When I am boozing far away;
 My poor heart will surely break,
 When I am boozing far away.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOME.

Good news from home,
 Good news from home,
 Good news for me
 Has come across the dark blue sea.
 From friends I have not seen for years,
 From friends that I have left in tears;
 And since we parted long ago,
 My life has been a scene of woe.
 But now a joyful hour has come,
 For I have heard good news from home.
 No father there to guide me now,
 Nor mother's tears to soothe my brow;
 Nor sisters voice falls on my ear,
 Nor brothers smiles will give me cheer.
 But though I wander far away
 My heart is full of joy to-day;
 Good news from home,
 Good news for me,
 Has come across the deep blue sea.
 When shall I see that cottage door,
 Where I spent years of joy before;
 Although I knew no grief nor care,
 My heart was always happy there.

Although I wondered far,
 My heart is full of joy to-day,
 For friends across the ocean foam
 Have sent to me good news from home;
 Now a joyful hour has come,
 That I have heard good news from home.

CHICAGO SPORTSMEN.

As I rove through the town,
 To view those pretty lasses;
 Old maids right down town,
 Peeped at me through their glasses.
 To Evanston we'll go out,
 To view some other lasses,
 And we'll take them on the lake
 And have a good excursion.
 We'll go to see the new canal,
 After we get out of the harbor,
 If we find the water deep,
 We'll go to Joliet after.
 When we'll get into that town,
 We'll inquire for information;
 To see whether there are any Chicago
 rats
 In jail to be liberated;
 Then to the stock-yards we will go,
 And that will end our excursion.

PRAISE OF BLOCKTON.

You gallant sons of Blockton listen unto
me,

While I sing the praises of your
famous grand city;

Your businessmen and banker has done
so well for thee,

I'm sure you are a credit for other
merchants to come and see.

With your magnificent school house,

And your solid brick built stores,

You are a credit to this county,

And it is a comfort in your home.

Blockton, if you keep booming in the
future,

As you have done heretofore,

You'll have a line of street cars,

What you never had before.

Blockton done for this government

As good as any other town;

She sent some of her men to the Philip-
pines

And bid them to come down.

She says to Uncle Sam,

If you want any more,

We have a hundred million in the
treasury,

We'll give you twenty million more.

Hurrah for Blockton,
 Platte is on the boom;
 Navigation on the river,
 And we'll have it very soon.

Hurrah again for Blockton,
 No Mormons any more;
 It used to be the town of Mormons,
 But now 'tis Blockton for ever more.

BOLD HOBSON OF THE MERRIMAC.

My name is bold Hobson,
 A man that loves pleasure;
 I kiss those fair maids
 When I find them at leisure.

CHORUS:—Fal da ra, Fal da ra, Fal a ra
 ri, ra ro.

If all those fair maidens
 Were lilies and roses,
 You'd see those young men
 Would go pick them as posies.

CHORUS:—Fal da ra, etc.

If all those young maidens
 Were black birds and thrushes,
 You'd find those young men
 Would go beating the bushes.—Cho.

If all these fair maidens
 Were swans on the water,

Hobson is just the boy
 That would jump out and swim
 after.—Cho.

If all these fair maidens
 Were game on the mountains,
 You'd see those young men
 Would get guns and go fowling.—Cho.

If all those fair maidens
 Were green rushes growing,
 The farmers are the lads
 That would take sythes and go
 mowing.

Now those fair maids have quit giving
 presents,
 But Hobson is the man that got
 most of the kisses.
 No doubt he had a right to
 When he lost the old Merrimac his
 sister.

JOHN MORRISEY.

You gallant sons of Granual,
 You listen to my song;
 I will sing to you a verse or two
 And won't detain you long.

It's of a gallant Irishman,
 His praise I will sing;
 For one thousand pounds on Patrick's
 Day,
 He now has challenge King.

John Morrisey is my name,
My age is forty-three;
Some people say that I am too old,
To gain the victory,

But on the seventeenth of March,
When I'll go in the ring,
I swear I will play Patrick's day,
Upon the ribs of king.

When I was joined in wedlock-land,
The truth I will relate,
A promise to my wedded wife
I was obliged to make.

That fighting for the future,
I certainly would shun;
But I must have satisfaction for what
John Henan done;
The first man that I ever fought
it was.

The Buffalo boy the Yankees all were
sure,
That day my life he would destroy;
But John gained the victory,
And that without much noise.

He played for them a favorite,
Called The Gallant Two Prairie Boy.
Sam the Black was the next,
I own I did subdue.

The Russian sailor and shepherd,
I have killed them it is true;

I never feared an Englishman or a Spaniard
 in the ring,
 And now I swear upon an oath, I'll
 take the life of King.

John Henan to his country
 He is a disgrace;
 Into America any more
 He daren't show his face.

He has chose the orange forever more,
 As you may understand,
 For ten thousand pounds in ready gold,
 He sold his native land.

It is not for the sake of money,
 Nor is it for any wealth;
 Nor is it for the sake of that English
 belt,
 But honor for Old Ireland,
 I'll fight or die within the ring,
 Or gain the victory.

Now to conclude and finish,
 I have no more to say;
 That courage may not fail him,
 And may he gain the day.

Fill your glasses to the brim,
 Until they do flow o'er,
 And drink to gallant Morrissey,
 The pride of Erin shore.

THE SAVAGE LOVES HIS SACRED HOME.

The savage loves his native home,
And he rules the soil and shills the
air;
And well ought Erin's sons adore,
That soil which nature formed so
fair.

That blood reflect of so,
So sweet as Shannon's sweet,
Or hostile bands,
Who a foe or friend can meet.

So generous as an Irishman,
Though his hand may be rash;
His heart is warm,
And principle is still his guide.

No more regrets a deed of harm,
No one forgives with noble pride,
He may be doubted, but not be dared.
Fit to practice and to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
And he spends it like an Irishman.

Erin's loveland from age to age,
Has been troubled by tyranny;
I wish that Erin was in Cuba,
And then Erin would be free;
Her sons and her daughters they'd have
freedom,
And they'd be feeling like we do
now.

O Ireland's sons and daughters,
 Listen what I say,
 The time is come when you'll get freedom.
 And you'll be like the Cubans are
 to-day.

O Ireland she is weeping,
 Looking for her freedom I know,
 But let Dewey cross the Irish channel,
 England then is bound to go.

Hurrah for Uncle Sam and Dewey,
 They're the bravest men you know:
 To free the people from this tyrant,
 It is in work they well do know.

Any one that wants to free an Island,
 Call around and let me know;
 And I'll go to see Dewey,
 And tell him it is so.

Dewey started his tars a shooting,
 And the funnels began to puff out
 smoke;

Soon there was freedom in the Island.
 And then they had a joke.

THE RAMBLING BOYS OF PLEASURE.

Give ear to those lines I write,
 It is true I have been a rover, in
 roving I took delight;
 I fixed my mind on a handsome girl,
 Often times she did me slight.

My mind is never, never easy,
 But when that fair one is in my sight,
 The very first time I saw her face,
 I really thought her heart was mine.
 But as true as the weather alters,
 She changes her fickle mind,

Gold is the root of evil,
 Although it bears a glittering hue;
 It caused many a lad and lass to part,
 Let their heart be ever so true.

Down by the banks of Cuban,
 Of the Cuban river one day,
 I chanced to rove,
 There I saw my own true love.

I really thought her heart was mine,
 She told me to take love easy,
 As the leaves fall off every tree;
 But just came from the war and was
 uneasy,
 And this I could not see.

There is one thing more that grieves me,
 To be called a runaway;
 And leave where I was born,
 Kind heaven now pity me.

To leave her behind I love,
 Alas! what shall I do?
 Shall I become a rover,
 And court a girl I never knew?

THE MAID OF PEORIA.

One day as I chanced to go roving,
It being in the sweet month of May;
I chanced for to meet with a fair maid,
Whose beauty did me ensnare.

And she making her way to Chicago,
Before the first dawn of day;
I quickly approached that fair maid,
And asked her how far she was going on,
Did she belong to Chicago or was it her
native home.

She said "I belong to Peoria,
Some corn I have for sale;
I am going down to Peoria,
For this is the market day.

She hastened her steps on before me,
I told her to take her ease;
The more I advanced to discourse her,
The quicker she went away.

But in Bloomington
There I approached her,
And wished her to be my own,
And said I had plenty of corn and cattle
of my own.

She agreed, and we soon made the bargain,
And then we started for home;
We're both living close to Chicago,

And have both cattle and hogs of
our own.

The people who live in the city,
To see us come out every day,
They wonder why when we are so close
to Chicago,
We don't go there to stay.

THE MANTLE SO GREEN.

As I went out walking,
One morning in June,
To view the green fields,
And the meadows in bloom.

I espied a fair maid,
She appeared like a queen,
With her costly fine robes,
And her mantle so green.

I stood in amazement,
I was struck with surprise;
I thought she was an angel
That fell from the skies.

Her eyes were like diamonds,
And her cheek like the rose;
She is one of the fairest,
That nature composed.

I said "pretty fair maid,
If you'll come with me,
We'll both join in wedlock,
And married we'll be.

I'll dress you in rich attire,
You'll appear like a queen;
With your costly fine robes,
And your mantle so green."

She answered "Young man,
You must me excuse;
I'll wed with no man,
You must be refused,"

To those woods I shall wander,
To shun all men's view;
Since the land I loved dearly,
Is in famed Waterloo.

If you want to marry,
Tell me your loves name;
For I being in battle,
I might know the same.

She says draw near to my garments,
And there will be seen,
His name embroidered
In my mantle so green.

In raising her mantle,
I there did behold,
His name and his surname,
In letters of gold.

William O'Reilly appeared to my view;
He was my chief comrade in famed
Waterloo.

We fought for three days till the fourth
afternoon,
He received his death summon the
ninth day of June.

He fought victorious,
 Where the bullets did fly;
 In the field of honor,
 Your true love does lie.

THE CUBAN MAID.

There was a fair maid,
 That was deep struck in love;
 And she was sunk deep in despair
 No way could she find,
 For to please her sad mind,
 But to take a rove all alone on the
 shore.

CHORUS:—Shore, shore, but to roam all
 alone on the shore.

There was a sea captain,
 That was bound for the sea,
 The wind it blew high and blew low;
 I will die, I will die,
 The sea captain did cry,
 If I don't get that maid on the shore.

I have got diamonds,
 And I have got rings,
 I have got costly ware;
 All of these I will give to that pretty
 fair maid,
 If she'll take a sail round the sea
 shore.—Cho.

By long persuasion,
He got her aboard;
Then the captain he got her chair,
He says "fare thee well sorrow and
care."

She says I will sing you a song, if you
all think it just,
It made the seamen stare;
She sung it so sweet, so mild and
complete,
That she sung the seamen all to
sleep.

Then she robbed them of diamonds,
She robbed them of rings,
She robbed them of costly ware;
The captain's bright sword
She made it an oar,
Then she paddled her way to the
shore.

Said the captain,
Was my men sleeping,
Or was my men mad,
Or was my men sunk in despair;
To let her go away,
With her beauty so gay.
And again she's a maid on the shore.

BRYAN THE MAN.

Bryan he's brave and he's clever,
These words unto us he did say;
"Now give up to the native the islands,
And let our boys all come away."

Come home to our own native harbor,
And go working right out in the
mines,
Have "Sixteen to One" for your shooting,
That's better than shoot Philippines.

Free silver will gingle in your pockets,
You'll have plenty of good lager
beer;

Chatting along with the girls,
That work that you never will fear.

We'll all have good times with Old
Glory,

And reading about all the wars;
And helping the Navy department,
To build up some more man-of-wars.

Now don't be pausing and thinking,
But ask me what you'd best to do,
Go vote for J. Bryan and free silver,
The best thing you ever can do.

You know he's a good man for the peo-
ple,

And with us he always will stay,
The trusts and combines of this nation,
He surely will send them away.

Now to conclude and to finish,
 You know what I told you to do,
 Go vote for that pile of free silver,
 'Twill pay all the taxes for you.

A RED-HAIRED MAN'S WIFE.

You muses divine,
 Combine and lend me your aid,
 To pen those few lines,
 For I find that my heart is betrayed.

Of a virgin so fair,
 That I loved as dear as my life;
 She did me forsake,
 And became the red-haired man's
 wife.

Don't you remember the time,
 When I gave you my heart,
 You solemnly swore that from me,
 You never would part.

Your mind got to be like the ocean,
 Took notions and then took a flight;
 And you left me bewailing the loss,
 Of the red-haired man's wife.

Your absence my dear I feared,
 Will be the cause of my woe;
 But to see you again I mean,
 In a short time to go.

And when I'll come near you,
 I surely will venture my life,

That with me you will steer,
And not be the red-haired man's
wife.

She says take it easy,
It is nature that caused such a strife;
And since I went away,
I'll have to be the red-haired man's
wife.

"My darling swain,
Wouldn't you still be my own?
The patriots of David,
Had numbers of wives, it is well
known."

So yield to my embraces,
And put an end to the strife;
If you don't I'll get crazy,
If I don't gain the red-haired man's
wife.

I offered her favors,
And sealed it with my right hand;
She answered and said,
"Would you have me to break the
command?"

Therefore take it easy,
As I was given away,
I'll be the red-haired man's wife.

Then I almost got crazy,
And that I'd put an end to my life;
But as I was deceived by that fair one,
I never intended to take a wife.

FATHER TAM O'NEAL.

There was a widow lived in this place,

She had three charming sons;
Their father died and left them,
When they were very young.

A long time she endeavored,
To maintain her darling sons,
Until the youngest became a man,
At the age of twenty-one.

One day he discoursed with his mother,
These words to her did say,
"I think it will fall on one of us,
To go far away."

Your land is small to keep us all,
If with me you will agree;
I am fully bent and well content,
A clergyman to be.

His mother was glad,
When such thoughts came in his
mind;

She said I will do all I can,
To help my darling child.

She talked to his brothers,
And they did agree;
They sent him to college,
A clergyman to be.

He wasn't long in college,
When the Rev. Bishop Brown,
Came to examine collegians,
And viewed them all around.

He saw this clever young man,
And marked him beyond them all:
His was the first he did discuss,
When on them he did call.

He says young man where are you from,
Come tell me your name;
I am from the county of Ringgold,
They call me Thomas O'Neal.

My mother is a widow,
And of a low degree;
She has done her endeavors,
To make a priest of me.

Since Tom O'Neal it is your name,
The Bishop he did say;
Study hard by night and day;
I will have you ordained,
To help your tender mother who did so
well for thee,
I'll send you home, your country boys to
see.

When this young man came home or-
dained,
The neighbors were glad to see,
All that came to welcome him,
They came in twos and threes.

Particularly his own dear friends,
To welcome him they run;
You never saw such welcome,
As there was for the widow's son.

There was a man lived in this place,
He was as rich as a duke or knight;
He had an only daughter,
She was a beauty bright.

She says to her father,
I will go, this young man to see;
Before he went to college,
He was a school boy long with me.

She was taken into the parlor,
Where they had some ale and wine;
She says you're a clever young man,
I would have you to resign.

What, you be a clergyman?
You know you are a stray;
Clergymen must rise at night,
And travel hard by day.

Take some noble lady,
Whose fortune will be grand;
You will have men to wait on you,
And be a gentleman.

Take myself now I stand,
You know my fortune is great:
I have a million every year,
And at death a big estate.

He says, now noble lady,
Do not explain your mind;
If you offered me ten times that,
I never would resign.

In this holy station,
I am to spend my life;
Don't you say no more to me,
I will never take a wife.

When he denied her,
She then went home;
In eight weeks after,
She made it known.

She swore before the magistrates,
That he did her beguile;
And long before she talked with him,
She was with child.

The morning of the trial,
It grieved our hearts full sore;
To see his tender mother,
It grieved her ten times more.

To think her son a clergyman,
And his age only twenty-three,
Would be cut down in his prime,
By cruel perjury.

She says, Tom, what is the reason,
That you would not marry this maid?
I believe she is a companion,
For a king I do declare.

You are nothing but a widow's son,
That is poor and maim;
I think it would be an honor,
Such a lady to obtain.

Then Father Tom, stood up and said,
I have no witness here;
But I call on the Almighty.
And he will bring me clear.

I never said I would marry her,
Nor would make her my wife;
For I never knew a female from,
A man in all my life.

Then Tom, since you won't marry her,
I'll give you to understand,
You'll have seven long years,
Transported to some foreign land.

That's bad enough, said father, Tom,
That wrong is done to me;
But our Savior suffered more,
Than that he died on Calvary.

These words were hardly spoken,
When a horse came just in time;
And came a rider, he says,
I was not here in time.

I call this trial over again,
I am here and can reply,
That she wants two fathers for her child,
That's Father Tom and I.

I can tell the very moment,
Likewise the very spot,
She gave me some money,
The night the babe was got.

She promised me a thousand,
 Never to make it known;
 She wanted to make a husband,
 Of the Rev. Father Tom.

Father Tom put on his hat,
 He then began to smile;
 He said to his mother,
 God assist your child.

They looked at one another,
 When they heard that perjury,
 That which lady was found guilty,
 And Father Tom came free.

THE CUBAN BOY.

Down in the lowlands a poor boy did
 wonder,
 Down in Cuba a poor boy did roam;
 He says I am persecuted by this govern-
 ment,
 I am going to America to seek me a
 home.

He landed in Chicago before the war
 was over,
 He is working in a wholesale house,
 His name I well do know,
 He says I feel at home,
 Since I have been in this country I will
 stay in America.
 No more I'll go to roam.

COL. HEPBURN AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Good people I pray pay attention,
And listen to what I relate;
I'll sing you a song of the Colonel,
And the speech that he made here of late.

He talked a good deal of the Islands,
He says, "With them what will you do?"

The government has come to the conclusion,
To leave the decision to you."

Some say that the Islands are useless,
Some say that they're all full of coal;
Something we'll need for our warships,
When they're steaming far out from home.

Some say that they're good to raise corn,
Some say that they're good to raise cane;

And some of our people declare,
That the Islands we should not retain.

There is one thing I am now going to tell you,
And that thing you'll find very true:
If you let me decide on these Islands,
That work I am fit for to do.

I know you will ask me a question,
 I can tell by the wink of your eye;
 Those islands belong to the Yankees,
 And that is my honest reply.
 Now this is my poetry I'm singing,
 The Colonel he gave a good show;
 He talked so agreeably and pleasing,
 That from him I never could go.
 When the Col. was reading my poetry,
 I kept still till he came to the tars;
 He smiled so agreeably and pleasant,
 I almost forgot all the wars.

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his ground,
 As the huntsman does his hound;
 And the shepherd his sweet shany grove,
 While I more blest than they,
 Spend each happy night and day,
 With my smiling little Cruiskeen
 Lawn.

CHORUS:—Grammacree macruiskeen,
 slanta galm avourneen, gramma Cruis-
 keen Lawn.

When death appears,
 After a few of those happy years,
 And tells me my glass is run;
 I will say begone you knave,
 For Dewey freed us all from slaves,
 And tells us we can have another
 Cruiskeen Lawn.

He whipped the Spaniards so true,
 That no trouble we will pursue,
 But to take another Cruiskeen Lawn:
 Now, I'll say no more,
 Until Dewey he comes home,
 And we'll celebrate the Fourth with
 a Cruiskeen Lawn.

FACLE ON THE COUNTY CLARE.

One morning early for recreation,
 Down by Facle I chanced to stray:
 Where rural valley were decked with
 daisies,
 And pleasant gardens in rich array.
 There I espied a lovely fair one,
 Who's pleasant glances did me en-
 snare;
 While viewing her beauty I got quite,
 Stuped and to approach I was
 ashamed.
 This lovely damsel was pure and hand-
 some,
 Discreet, and modest refined, and
 chaste;
 Her milk-white bosom resembled Juno,
 No mortal humane can with her
 compare.
 She draws most neatly in cloth or paper,
 The whole creation by land or sea:

That brilliant famous that crowns our
 labor,
 The wolf and tiger, the buck and
 bear.

I then accosted this lovely fair one,
 To tell her name or her dwelling
 place,
 Or was she Sires or lovely Ires,
 Or the welcome pride on whom the
 apple gazed?

She then made answer, "I am no God-
 dess,
 I am not proud nor immortal dame.
 But I live by Fable,
 Down near New Orleans.

Then I accosted to take me from grief
 and woe,
 For I'm here condoling through love
 and nature,
 Since I have seen you,
 My darling you know.

She says desist from such vane persua-
 sions,
 Your introduction is all a scheme;
 You're not so bad as you pretended,
 As to think to marry a poor servant
 maid.

I'll take my time until I'll meet my equals.
 That won't be until the Lord is
 pleased;

It is by our bounty we'll live at ease.

I'll live in hopes and not despair.

Then I was tired and my limbs growing
weary,

I supplicated this lovely dame,

To tie my head and show some nature,

And then I'd release her from being
a slave.

She then consented to cure my ailment.

Our joys were greater than I could
relate;

I made her an heir of all my holdings.

Down in Facle in the County Clay.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

Farewell, dear master, I am told we are
parting,

'Tis not my fault to be sore;

You kept me warm with hay and corn:

In return I give you some gore.

At night I rested from tired labor,

And in the morning would start
with joy;

To face my foes, I was bold and daring,

For I acted always a faithful boy.

I own my darling. I have you parted,

And have discharged you against
my will;

For my hay and corn you did well
award me,
My purse and pockets with gold you
filled.

You were dutiful and you were pleasing.
Both time and labor you embraced
with joy;

Likewise the lad who did always race
you,

To you he did always prove kind.

The Shanon says he sailed with you in
New Orleans,

You were there in time;

You won next day the two-racer honestly,
But you were cheated and it was not
right.

For the cheating,

They got a beating,

And from New Orleans

They were forced to fly.

Farewell dear Mrs., as I must leave you,
I am afraid your equals I will never
find;

Likewise your children unto me was
faithful,

Unto me was kind.

The poor and naked at your door,

They waited your milk and bacon,
You did share with joy for compensation,

May you gain salvation shall be my
 prayer said the faithful boy.

I know the reason that I am parting,
 For to blame you I do not all;
 To live by the sword I must be a soldier
 I don't know the moment I may
 chance to fall.

But I will cheer up my spirits without
 any hesitation,
 There is consolation for you and I:
 In hopes that I would meet a master,
 That would give corn to the farmer's
 boy.

THE KERRYMAN'S RAMBLE.

One day in the annual season,
 It being the year fifty-four,
 When Fabus approached our harvest,
 And the crops did spontaneously
 grow.

I then took my way to the prairie,
 Where the hay did grow,
 I stood there at a meetingly corner,
 And took out my cipher to show.

A widow convenient to Bansha,
 She observed me and I standing alone.
 She modestly made her appearance,
 And said she had hay to mow.

She asked me what county I came from,
Or where was my place of abode;
Or was it by daily employment,
Or by peacework I would mow?

I said that I came from a county,
Where heroes of fame did resort;
My wages I never would claim,
Until hay after cutting I had stowed.

I will hire you, she says, for a fortnight,
And then if I like how you mow,
I will keep you for cutting the corn,
And for threshing I will want you
also.

She showed me the meadow next morn-
ing,
And told me to cut it quite low;
But as soon as I entered the corner,
She said I was cutting too slow.

I saved all the hay from the storm,
I threshed all her wheat and oats;
And then I demanded my wages,
And said I was going to the road.

She says now don't think to forsake me,
And leave me in grief to condole;
I will keep you from going through hard
labor,

This farm on you I will bestow.

We settled accounts on that moment,
I told her I would never go home,

But stay to the end of my days,
 Her farm to plow and to sow.
 We went to the clergy next morning,
 To tighten the knot;
 And us both reconciled in that town
 Taprairie,
 In Bansha to live ever more.

THE MAINE.

How can I be contented,
 And listen to this crew,
 That sunk our ship "Maine" in the harbor,
 When they had nothing else to do?
 When I heard about the explosion,
 Or the blowing up of the "Maine,"
 I almost got crazy,
 Did not know where to remain.
 The time we had for talking,
 All was gone by;
 And nothing else but war
 Would us satisfy.
 I was reading in the papers,
 And watching what they'd do;
 When I read the declaration I said,
 "That's just the thing that will do."
 Uncle Sam says to get Dewey ready,
 And now get away;
 And whip them so unmerciful,
 Don't give them time to play.

Now I'm getting somewhat easy,
But I won't forget the "tars,"
And I won't forgive these,
That did commence the wars.

THE RIVER ROE.

As I went out one morning all in the
month of May,
I espied a lovely fair one and her I
did not know;

I took her to be an angel,
Along the River Roe.

Her teeth they were like ivory,
Her skin it was lily white;
Her cheeks were of a rosy red,
And her eyes like diamonds bright.

She appeared to be a fair one,
And her I did not know;

I took her to be an angel.
Along the River Roe.

I said, my pretty fair maid,
If with me you will agree,
We will join our hands in wedlock bands,
And married we will be.

I'll dress you up so neatly,
And that you soon will know,
We will live by this fair place,
They call the River Roe.

TRUE LOVERS DISCUSSION.

One pleasant evening when pinks and
 daisies,
 Closed in their blossoms drops of
 dew;
The feathers warbling of every species,
 Together chanting their notes so
 true.

As I did stray enrapt with meditation,
 It charmed my heart to hear them
 sing;
Two silent arbors were just arising,
 Their air in concert did sweetly sing.

With joy transported each sight I courted,
 While gazing round them with an
 inspective eye;
Two youthful lovers in deep conversa-
 tion,
 Closely engaged I chanced to espy.
This couple spoke with such force of
 reason,
 Their sentiments they expressed so
 clear;
And for to listen to their conversation,
 My inclination was to draw near.

He pressed her hand and he said,
 “My darling, tell me the reason you
 changed your mind?
Or had I loved you to be degraded,

Where youth and beauty are in
their pride?"

Remember darling, our first engagement
When childish pastime was all we
knew;

Be true and constant, I'm thine forever:
I'll brave all dangers and go with
you.

Your prayer is good sir, I thank you for
it, she said,

But yet your offers I can't receive,
By soft persuasions and kind induce-
ments,

The serpent had tempted Eve.

There is another reason might be as-
signed,

The highest tide sometimes do fall:
Another female might obey you better.
Therefore I can't obey your call.

"Yes, I admit the tiding motion,
Is always moving from shore to shore:
But still its substance is neverchanging,
And never will till time is no more."

It 'twas you, love, that I did require it,
But since you placed it in golden
store,

I'll strike the string and my heart will
murmur,

So farewell darling, forever more.

You speak exceedingly but not correctly,
With words supporting your cause
in vain;

If I had the tongue of a silver goddess,
Your exultation I would disdain.

There is not a tree in that Persian forest,
That retains its color excepting one;
That is the laurel that I will cherish,
And always hold in my right hand.

The blooming laurel, you may admire it,
Because its verdure is always new;
But there is another that you can't deny
it,

Is just as bright in the gardner's
view.

'Tis wisely resting throughout the winter,
And it bloms again when the
spring draws near;

The pen of Homer wrote its praises,
In June and July it does appear.

It was your love that I did require it,
But since you placed it in golden
store,

I'll strike the string and my heart shall
murmur,

So farewell darling forever more.

She seemed affected

And half distracted,

Sir my denial was but a trial,

I have God as witness to what I say.

She says my darling, if you don't for-
 give me,
 And forget my cruelty,
 A single virgin for your sake, I'll
 wander,
 While a green leaf grows on that
 laurel tree.

All young maidens then I pray take
 warning.
 Let love and virtue be still your aim:
 No worldly treasure should yield your
 pleasure,
 But those persons that you do dis-
 dain.

All young lovers will they respect you,
 And to your memory will have a
 sigh;
 The blooming rose and evergreen laurel,
 Will mark the spot where your body
 lies.

From Balla branch about two miles dis-
 tant,
 Where the black-birds whistle and
 thrushes sing;
 With hills surrounding and valleys
 bounding,
 A charming fine prospect all in the
 spring.

Where a female's beauty is never wanting,

The lonely stranger a refuge finds:
Down by Redding if you inquire there.
The author of these lines you'll find.

THE SAILOR IS NO MORE.

Come all you loyal lovers,

Wherever that you be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen
unto me;

Concerning two young lovers so
fondly were inclined,
All for to join in wedlock bands,
But fortune proved unkind.

Being on a Sunday evening,

Abroad where I did rove,
I roved for recreation down by a shady
grove;

Where the pretty little small birds,
they rung the valleys o'er,
It was their lamentation,

"That sailor is no more."

I went on my bended knees,

For mercy I did call,
My curse unto that very night I brought
her to the ball.

Five dollars there I did pay down
before we came home:

Yes you did the maid replied,
And the sailor is no more.

My curse to that shoemaker,
 The night he came that way;
 He boldly stepped into the house,
 And unto my love did say:
 "My darling won't you marry me,
 Before that I'll give o'er?"
 "Yes, kind sir," the maid replied,
 And the sailor is no more.

This maid is of a middle size,
 The truth I do declare;
 Red and rosy are her cheeks,
 And coal-black is her hair.
 Her eyes like diamonds they do shine,
 It pierced my heart full sore;
 She has enchanted the sailor,
 And now he is no more.

Before that I'd intrude too long upon
 good company,
 This couple they are parted and
 never can meet any more;
 The sailor he went crazy,
 And now he is no more.

THE GAY DANDY WIFE.

Come all you young fellows that want
 to be married,
 I'd have you beware of a gay dandy
 wife;
 If she is pretty, or anyway handsome,
 She will surely torment you all the
 days of your life.

If she had a fortune,

By her cheeks she would say,
When you would rise in the morning,
In bed she would lay.

When this beautiful creature,
Arose from her slumbers,
She is off to the grocers,
Her morning to take.

She calls for a glass,
And a small drop of water;
Her cheeks are rolled on flannel,
She has the toothache.

When her poor husband comes home to
his breakfast,
She's cursing and damning the pa-
pist to hell;
To tell you the truth while I have got
her,
She's an Orangeman's daughter
from the town of Clanmell.

When first I got married I thought she
was an angel,
I rented some rooms in front of a
street,
I bought a bed and a new pair of
blankets,
A bolster and pillow that we may go
sleep.

I bought a tea-pot,
 A cup and a saucer;
A lovely fine cupboard
 Which stood by the wall.
We had all sorts of china that was fit for
 a lady,
 Then my companion said we'd have
 a ball;

She invited a tailor and likewise a
 weaver,
 A great dancing master that lived
 in the street.

This Spaniard's daughter,
 She left my back naked;
She pledged the new shoes
 That I wore on my feet.

I once was a clerk in a good situation,
 But now my dear people she pledged
 all my clothes;
If I grumble without any hesitation,
 She'd get hold of the tea-pot and
 then break my nose.

So young men beware of those Spaniard
 daughters,
 That wear barrel curls and plaits in
 their hair;
If you would go to a ball or a circus,
 They would chat with another I vow
 and declare.

The liquor is cursed, she got to drinking.
 To vex all our people to drink she
 did go;
 Along with a Spaniard she went to blue
 blazes,
 I was wishing that Dewey at them
 had a blow.

MOLLIE BRALLIGAN.

Mam, dear, did you ever hear of pretty
 Mollie Bralligan?

Why, and troth dear,
 She has left me,
 And I ne'er will be that man again.

Not a spot upon my hide,
 Will another summer tan again:
 Since Mollie dear has left me,
 All alone for to die.

Oh, Mam, dear, don't you remember,
 When milking time was past and
 gone,

We went into the meadows and you said
 I was the only man,
 That ever could possess your heart?
 But are you base and cruel after all,
 To leave me here alone for to die.

Mam, dear, don't you remember,
 When we were coming home the
 rain began;
 I rolled you in my frieze coat,
 The divil a waist-coat had I on.

And my shirt it was so fine drawn,
I might as well had ne'er a one;
Since Mollie she has left me
All alone for to die.

I went and told my tale,
To Father McDonaldman,
And then I asked advice of
Councelor O'Connell.

He said that promise breaches had been,
Ever since the world began;
Now they'll have to stop,
Or the people will go wild.

Hurrah, what do you mean,
What do you advise me to do?
Shall my thoughts and mind go to
Mollie?
I'm suffering to think now what to
do.

Now I am as hot and determined a lad,
Won't you come to my wake,
When I'm going to my long meander?
Still I'd find myself as valient as
That brave Alexander.

If I could hear you crying around me,
And to say, "Why did you die?"
He died broken hearted,
He wept for that fair one; he says
for her I'm going to die.

THE FARMER MICHAEL HAYES.

Farewell to Old Ireland,
The land of my fathers,
From house, home and farm I had to go;
I went to pay my rent on a fine summer's
 morning,
Myself and the agent
We could not agree.

I had the money in my hand,
He said that I should quit the land;
The truth I'll tell you know quite well,
These words with me did not agree.

He fell a victim to a shot,
His agency he then forgot;
And since that day they're searching for
That Farmer Michael Hayes.

They searched Tipperary o'er and o'er,
Through Yaharlough and Galtamore,
Through Ballahale and Slienenoemon,
A sharp lookout for every man.

Fatigued and disappointed by the break
 of day,
To telegraph they done their best,
A great reward for his arrest;
His figure, size and form they described
 in every way.

Now search this world far and near,
The like before you didn't hear;
A man to get away so clear,
As the Farmer Michael Hayes.

They searched through Limerick and
 Rotheale,
 Newcastle West and Abbeofall:
 They searched the Shannon at Killalien.
 They went along by Brienboroue,
 They went by train to Drawharrih,
 And they got no tidings there.

They steered their course to Milltown,
 Or otherwise Malbea;
 They took their way to Gunashol,
 At Glounirouth they gave a call.
 By Lunloughgap and Waterford,
 And around Killarney Lake.

To Malaghtown they ran by train,
 The town they took was all in rain;
 They called at Queenstown on their way.
 That splendid place most grand and gay.

Through Abbinspike, the beach and
 square,
 For beauty takes the sway;
 The finest harbor I'll be bound,
 That can be found in Ireland round.

The packet steamers there are found,
 To cross the region seas;
 Those not meeting with any chance,
 On another tramp they did advance,
 Some boots are getting hardship
 In search of Michael Hayes.

Then they took a notion to go across the
 sea,
 Into America;
 The papers said they him caught,
 But they must run or else be shot;
 There they had to leave him,
 The Farmer Michael Hayes.

THE ENGLISH WARSHIPS.

There was two noble ships from England,
 did set sail,
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed
 we.

One was the Queen of Prussia,
 And the other the Prince of Wales.
 Sailing down around the Coast of Bar-
 bary.

Go aloft, go aloft, our jolly boatsmen,
 Cried blow high, blow low, and so.
 Sailed we, look astern, look astern;
 Look a labored and lea, and look around
 The Coast of Barbary.

I see nothing from the stern,
 I see nothing from the lea;
 Blow high, blow low, and so, sailed we.
 I see something from the windlass,
 Like a lofty ship on sea,
 Sailing down around the Coast of
 Barbary.

It might be a man-of-war,
 Or a privateer said he,
 Cruising down around the Coast of Bar-
 bary;

Hail them, oh, hail them,
 Our jolly boatman cried;
 Then the Queen of Prussia shot the
 pirates masts away,
 Sailing down around the coast of Bar-
 bary.

“For quarters, for quarters,”
 The pirates they did cry;
 Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we.
 The quarters that we gave them,
 Were to sink them in the sea,
 Sailing down around the Coast of
 Barbary.

MICKANAY'S GRAVE.

One evening late, I chanced to stray,
 In the pleasant month of May
 When Marfus did the fields display,
 The moon sunk on the deep;
 On a bank I sat me down,
 To hear the woodcock cooing around.
 The surges of the ocean wide,
 Lulled me fast asleep;
 I thought I saw Brambaram that did the
 Danish force subdue,
 With a mighty force his sword he drew;
 Those words he said to me;

The heart melodiously will sound,
 When Ireland's sons will be unbound,
 And Patrick's Day we will all dance
 round.

That blooming laurel tree, I thought St.
 Luke stood on the ground,
 And said I will your monarchs crown,
 When in came the French around,
 Ready for the field;
 When Father Murphy he did say,
 Behold my Lord, I am here to-day,
 With eighty thousand men so gay,
 From Wixford Hill so brave.

Our country's faith it does depend,
 Upon you and your gallant friend,
 And heavens will our cause defend,
 We will die or else be slain;
 Then there raised a shout,
 With bayonets fixed,
 They all went out,
 To face the daring foe.

The enemy seemed not much surprised,
 With thundering cannons got up nigh,
 And thousand on the banks did lie,
 And bloody streams did flow.

The enemy soon formed a scheme,
 That put our men all in despair;
 They drove our men from the ranks to
 the rear,

With their bayonets of pure steel;
 The other boys they were not slack,
 They came with bayonets tipping on
 their back.

Some others joined them in a crack,
 And drove them out of the field;
 They gave three cheers for liberty when
 they forced the enemy to fly,
 I looked around and could not see one
 man in the flames,
 Except what dead and wounded lay,
 Not able to run away,
 When I woke it was clear day,
 That Mackanay's dream.

BIOGRAPHY OF AUTHOR.

I was born in the County Limerick, Ireland, within 14 miles of the city of Limerick; traveled all over the County Limerick; raised on a small farm. Traveled through the county of Cery, through the county of Cork, and through Tiprairie. Made several trips to the city of Cork; been in Queenstown; emigrated from Ireland at time of cruel war; went through the Southern States working for the government for some time. Worked in New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, and made my home in Chicago for 14 years, working at all kinds of business there. Was an active political worker. Watched the present war with Spain, from which I picked up the items and composed these songs. Lived 18 years in Iowa; made one trip previous to moving to Iowa, working one year. Steamboated along the Mississippi; saw the immortal Lincoln as he lay in state, and grieved that so good a man should have so short a life. Had the pleasure of seeing that

grand old hero of the civil war, Grant. I have always felt rejoiced since I got from under the bondage of England, and hope our country will never suffer from their hands as did my native country.

I have seen the landlords turn out the inhabitants of the two townships by the sheriff; turned out in the highway to get shelter where they might. I have seen people compelled to tear down their own houses; forced to by armed police. They were not allowed any privileges; daren't hunt and fish on what he called his own farm.

In Ireland there are always recruiting officers watching the farmer boys to get them to enlist, and after they are enlisted they must go in the army. I have been whipped by an English landlord for walking on his farm.

Ireland now is weeping.

And has been since the Habeas Corpus died;
The savage line are feeding,

In that fertile valley wide,
Where scores of Irish heroes,

Far superior to the Queen,
Have died in British dungeons,
For the wearing of the green.

But fast the time is coming,

For them to march away;
We will get Dewey with us,

For us to clear the way.
When we will reach the Island,

Some racket will be seen;
The tars might then go shooting,

But it would never please the green.

I have seen the soldiers come and demand the home of the tenement farmers for rent. The tenement had to pay their rent twice a year. A man would have

to humble himself to his landlord by touching his hat when he met him. They would have to give him a part of everything they would raise.

I will now give a short sketch of my life since I came to Iowa: I worked in Taylor and Ringgold counties, and Worth county, Missouri. Worked at plastering partly. I worked here at plastering among them all.

If you have any fault to find,

I want you to tell me all;

I thought they would abuse me,

But I believe they acted white.

They gave that Irishman good wages,

And that was his delight.

Now some of them are talking,

And say he is a poet;

For the Lord knows he can't help it,

For he is just an old sport.

Never mind the poetry.

I think the songs are right;

You ought to feel contented,

For Dewey made them quiet.

I myself was watching,

And I thought it was good fun,

When Dewey whipped the Spaniards.

And then they had to run.

Now we will talk about old Ringgold,

I'll never it disown;

I'll always be well satisfied.

I'm sure I'll stay at home.

You might think I'm bludging,

But all this stuff is true;

You used me well in Redding

While I was here with you.

Now if you don't get mad,
 And tease me, and tell me go away,
 I'll stay here in Redding,
 While a dollar for to pay.

INDEX.

PAGE.

Our Nation.....	3
Praise of Captain Sampson.....	5
Praise of Hobson.....	7
Praise of Schley.....	8
King O'Toole.....	9
In Praise of Mt. Ayr.....	13
A Tribute to Grant City.....	15
A Fragment.....	16
In Praise of Admiral Dewey.....	17
Charlie Eagen.....	18
The Banks of Porto Rico.....	20
The Soldier Boy.....	22
The Jolly Roving Tar.....	23
A Moment was Sad.....	24
The Girl I Left Behind Me.....	25
The New Light of Escutcheon.....	26
The Roving Journeyman.....	29
The Sailor and Carpenter.....	30
The Recruiting Sergeant.....	34
Mason.....	36
The Parting Glass.....	38
Good News From Home.....	39
Chicago Sportsmen.....	40
Praise of Blockton.....	41
Bold Hobson and the Merrimac.....	42
John Morrisey.....	43

INDEX.

PAGE.

The Savage Loves His Sacred Home.....	46
The Rambling Boys of Pleasure.....	47
The Maid of Peoria... ..	49
The Mantle So Green.....	50
The Cuban Maid.....	52
Bryan the Man.....	54
A Red-Haired Man's Wife	55
Father Tom O'Neal.....	57
The Cuban Boy.....	62
Col Hepburn and the Philippines.....	63
The Cruiskeen Lawn... ..	64
Faale on the County Clare.....	65
The Farmer's Boy.....	67
The Kerryman's Rambie.....	69
The Maine.....	71
The River Roe.....	72
The Lover's Discussion.....	73
The Sailor is no More.....	77
The Gay Dandy Wife.....	78
Mollie Bralligan.....	81
The Farmer Michael Hayes.....	83
The English Warships.....	85
Mickanay's Grave.....	86
Biography of Author.....	88



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